

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XIV.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 15, 1881.

NO. 29.

This Invitation
On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the Grand Depot well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful Picture Gallery, to which admittance is free.

The Pneumatic Tubes carrying the money through the air, and the Electric-Light Machinery, are also worth seeing.

There is a Lunch-Room in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

BROWNING'S ITEMS OF INTEREST.

That BROWNING'S Clothing is the Cheapest and Best in Philadelphia.

That Every Garment sold is guaranteed to the purchaser.

That We are by far the Largest Makers of Ready-Made Clothing in the United States.

That We have competent men of long and tried experience in every department, so that goods bearing our trademark will stand the test of comparison.

That Our extraordinary facilities enable us at all times to take advantage of the market.

That Our principle of business is to give full satisfaction and full value, or money refunded.

That We lead in everything which constitutes the Clothing Business.

That The best Goods, honestly made, and trimmed, are the only stock we have for sale.

That We ARE NOT, we CANNOT, and we WILL NOT be undersold by any house in the city.

That We invite the people to come and examine our Splendid Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING for the SPRING SEASON.

BROWNING'S, Ninth and Chestnut Streets. Apr 22-2m.

MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

Barr's Old Stand. Established 1844.

S. B. GINN,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery.

Toilet and Fancy Articles, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Patent Medicines,

And Druggists' Sundries Generally.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately compounded of Strictly Pure Medicines. Jan 5-1f

"IN MEDICINE, QUALITY IS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE."

CHAMBERLAIN'S PHARMACY.

Main Street, opposite Middletown Hotel.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC., PERFUMERY AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

A full line of all the Popular Patent Medicines of the day constantly on hand.

THE PURCHASING, COMPOUNDING AND DISPENSING

For the above establishment is under the direct supervision of Dr. G. G. Chamberlain, who has been connected with the drug business for the past thirty-five years, and may always be found at his store when not on his professional visits. Mar 25-1y.

THE NEW MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

The public will find at my new store, in the building formerly occupied by S. R. Stephens & Co.,

MAIN STREET, - MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

A complete and carefully selected stock of

PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, SUNDRIES, &c.,

And, in fact, everything that is usually kept in a

First-Class Drug Store.

My Prescription Department is under the immediate supervision of Dr. S. P. ROBERTS, who has had seven years practical experience in the business.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully compounded at all hours of the day or night.

apr. 22-1f

CORN WANTED.

100,000 BUSHELS OF NEW CORN WANTED, FOR CASH, AT THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.

FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

FLOUR, FEED AND SEEDS FURNISHED TO RETAILERS AT THE VERY LOWEST WHOLESALE RATES.

J. F. McWHORTER, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

HAS STOOD YEARS OF FIELD TESTS!

BAUGH'S

Raw Bone Super Phosphate.

AN AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

Ask your dealer for it, and, if he does not have it, "Take no other," but address

BAUGH & SONS, Sole Manufacturers,

July 5-1f, 20 South Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.

WALL PAPER.

A full line of Wall Paper just opened at our new store, East Main street, next door to Dr. W. F. Kennedy's office. We have all the new styles, and are selling at city prices.

ROOMS PAPERED ON SHORT NOTICE, AND AT REASONABLE RATES.

Painting and Kalsomining. Sign Painting a specialty.

PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, Etc., in stock.

John W. Makens & Co. Jan 10-1f

PAPER HANGING.

GEORGE G. ROWE,

Practical Paper Hanger,

OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

IS NOW WITH MR. AND PREPARED TO

Paper Rooms, Halls, &c.,

on reasonable terms. Work first-class. Paper

guaranteed to stick; no burning, rubbing or

cracking. Varied, if desired.

D. L. DUNNING, Middletown, Del.

DON'T PROPOSE.

Only don't propose to me! I really like you so!

We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast, you know.

We can get together for each other best the rev-

er's careless hours.

We can get together for each other still the mo-

ment's passing glances.

We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows.

Through sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you won't propose!

No voice suits mine so well as yours, in gay and song.

No other can guide me safe, through the polka's whirling throng.

No other laugh, no echo half so merri-ly to mine.

No other hand so tastefully my bouquet's flowers can twine.

None are me half so cleverly from bore—my dullest foot!

I can not do without you—oh! I hope you won't propose!

Why will you talk for sentiment? you never used to talk.

Of ought but fun or nonsense, in long quip or walk.

Why will you sigh? I really like your ring and laugh the best.

Why frown at me for lingering with another young man?

Why will you talk of hopes and fears? why hint at friendship's close?

You never used to tease me so—oh! I hope you won't propose!

For you know I would refuse you—I must love before I wed!

What should we do together when the summer sun had fled?

And then, we must be strangers—must pass each other by.

With frowning cheek and distant bow, and cold, averted eye.

Why do you our gay companionship to so dole-ous a close?

We like each other much to well—I hope you won't propose!

Let us still be smiling when we part, and happy when we meet.

Let us together pluck the bloom, of the flow-ers at our feet!

Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh and sing and dance.

And flirt a little now and then, to speed an hour, perchance.

Oh! there's a deal of pleasure in sunny links like these!

Don't break the roses yet just—Dear Char-ley, don't propose!

—Katie, in Boston Home Journal.

SLIGHTLY ELEVATED.

I knew it was he the first instant I

glanced at him, as he stepped into the

elevator, and then, seeing a lady, took

off his hat and stood there with it in

his hand, while others filed in and

seated themselves. I wondered if he

had seen me. I hoped in heaven he

had not. It was not very bright in the

place, and I cast down my eyes with a

truly ostrich-like sagacity, forgetting I

could be seen if I did not see; forget-ting

the two mirrors lining the box if one

happened to look in them. How-

ever, at the second floor he left, and I

went on, thankful I had not been obli-

gated to make the stir of moving out

before he did.

I would not have gone down to din-

ner that day if I could have helped it.

I said to myself—not although mamma

had asked the Lovings to dine, and my

new garnet velvet had just come home.

But mamma would have made such a

song of it that one thing would be as

bad as the other.

I was hardly inside my room when I

looked the door, and fell on the bed so

fast that I should have died if it had

not been able to cry—a good long

refreshing cry that lasted till I grew so

angry with myself it dried my tears.

And then Amy came to the door, but I

told her she must go along into mam-

ma's room; she couldn't come in there.

And she went away declaring it was

fine time of day, and other things of

the sort, till I thought me that it was

fine time of day if I fainted away, and

cried myself ill, and looked my sister

out of her room, all because I had hap-

pened to meet Loring Richards in the

elevator five years after our boy and

girl engagement was broken.

I call it a boy and girl engagement;

but it had been life of my life, and it

had almost torn my heart out in coming

to an end. And what had he cared—the

great dark handsome creature, stand-

ing there without a line upon his face

that told of any trouble it had been

to him, who had left me to suffer all

I had had to suffer alone? Not go

down to dinner? I would go if I went

up in a chair of fire directly afterward.

I sprang up and bathed my face, and

powdered it till it was cool, and un-

locked the door and called Amy, and

said to her to hurry a little for some

caller in our parlor. Then I blew

off my powder, took a hot bath, called

Davis, and had her brush my hair till

it tingled, and put on the garnet velvet

with its creamy duchesse lace and the

yellow pearls—everybody dresses so

at that hotel. I only came near break-

ing down when, Davis not being able

to find a jewel I wanted, I tumbled over

the things myself, and a little old mi-

niature that nobody knew I had kept

tumbled from his hiding-place, and

showed me for half an instant that

proud grave face. But I recovered pre-

sently, and I looked in the glass, and

deftly hid the clear soft outlines. If I

was out of the way, he would never

ask me.

Just it had all been a little too much

for me. And I saw that mamma was

comprehending the situation, and grow-

ing angrier and angrier. Oh, how angry

the dear soul was! "You look very

pale, Margaret," she said, "Are you

not well? I see by your conversation

that you are not quite yourself. You

had better go to your room. Our

friends will excuse you, I am sure."

And I bowed to them all, and caught

the Doctor's twinkling eye—the Doc-

tor who wanted no young mother-in-

law and rose and slipped from the

room before either he or his father

could offer me an arm. I could not

have held out through another five

minutes.

The elevator was just coming up

from the lower hall. I stepped in. A

gentleman in it took off his hat as usual.

I seated myself, the boy closed the door,

and we softly slid upward. We as-

cended half way to the next floor, when

we paused with a slight jar. The boy

looked up at the bell signals; pushed

one string, and then another; pushed

open the door against the blank wall,

and then, before he had shut it, there

came a sudden sense of breathlessness,

and we had shot up toward the roof

like a catapult; the boy had flung him-

self out as we passed one of the open

spaces of the flying floors; and all at

once we stopped again with a shock,

suspended by two unknown agency

between the two upper floors, with

some seventy feet of empty space un-

der us, and nothing that we knew of

between us and destruction.

The light in the elevator had gone

out, and only a dim glimmer from the

jets in the upper hall made darkness

visible. For a moment I closed my

eyes, and leaned back, half lifeless. "It

is horrible," I gasped. For I thought

of the fierce shock, the crushing of

body and bone that was to follow at

any moment, if we fell to the lower

pavement, if we were driven up into the

timbers of the roof. Then came the

thought that it was but for a moment

after all, and with it would end all that

was so unbearable. Loring Richards' wife

and Loring Richards himself would

be nothing then to me. No more

torture, no more heart-break, no more

tears—just peace. And there came

with that a certain gladness over all

the immediate horror. "Are you

afraid?" I said, turning to the other

occupant of the cage, at whom I had

not glanced.

"Afraid, Margaret! Here I—alone

with you?" came the answer.

"Loring! Oh, how dreadful! And

your wife—"

"My wife! There is only one wife

possible for me, Margaret, and you

have kept me away from her for five

years."

"Do you say you are not married to

that lovely creature at the table—"

"Married? To my cousin Rose?"

And you ask me that, Margaret?"

"You?"

I raised my eyes to look at him. He

was standing directly before me in the

half-shadow. "Oh, Loring," I said,

"we are in the face of death. Can you

forgive me—now, when there is nothing

left for us but to die?"

He bent and caught me to his heart.

"At any rate," he said, "to die to-

gether. There is no greater bliss than

that."

"Oh, yes," I cried—"to live together.

Ah, will nobody save us? Oh, when

we have just found each other after all

these bitter years! Where they bitter

to you, Loring?"

And just then the ropes began to slide

softly over the pulleys again, and we

were easily slipping down, and gently

alighted at the lower hall as if nothing

